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the SEMI

connecting the campus
creating dialogue

IN MEMORIAM: VIRGINIA TECH APRIL 16, 2007



SPRING
WEEK
7
MAY 7-11,

Sometimes I lose my words. I'm not sure what happens. Somewhere in the journey between my brain and my mouth, the words take a tangential trip to where, I don't know. Sometimes I'm in class trying to make an eloquent statement about the injustices of...well, I don't know because that's usually the moment the words jump ship. Other times, when I am taking on the role of empathetic friend and it becomes my turn to offer encouragement and wisdom, I freeze. (I usually recover with a "You are... Awesome! Let's hug it out!")

I used to think my frequent loss of words was due to some brain malfunctioning, as if by thinking hard enough, the perfect words would come. I've since reconsidered.

Words just aren't always enough to con-

vey the entirety of my experience. This is the situation I find myself in as I try to introduce this issue on the Virginia Tech tragedy.

Words are like the confining arms of a parent restraining a raging toddler. They prevent me from expressing the depth and range of my experience of this tragedy. So why do we bother to write about it? Why do we bother to put out this special issue of the SEMI?

It is because even with their limitations, our frail words can provide some comfort, healing, and understanding in the midst of our individual and communal pain.

Our words, our feelings and our prayers are with the victims, their families, and the Virginia Tech community.

Michelle Harwell
SEMI Editor



We want to hear from you! If you would like to write for the SEMI or respond to something you've read, please contact us at: semi-editor@dept.fuller.edu. All submissions are subject to editing for length and clarity.

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Announcements: Notices may be submitted to semi-ads@dept.fuller.edu or dropped off at the SEMI Office on the 2nd floor of Kreysler Hall above the Catalyst. They must be submitted by the deadlines printed below and not exceed 35 words.

Advertisements: Notices for events not directly sponsored by a Fuller department, office, or organization will be printed in the "Ads" section and charged per word. All requests should be made through the ads coordinator.

Submission

Spring 9
Spring 10

Deadline

May 7
May 14

AS WE REMEMBER VIRGINIA TECH

By Joe Bautista

I realize that I am not really close to the incident, like those whose family members, friends, or colleagues were among the victims. I also realize that I experience their loss only through the filter of rumors and echoes of newsprints that have reached my ears only after passing through the mouths and ears of others. Still, I reflect on what I have heard, and offer some of those reflections here.

While it is natural and good and right for us as a Fuller community to mourn the loss of those who were murdered by Cho, I wonder how many of us mourn for Cho himself. I am not a fan of murder, but then again I don't need to be in order to pity the tragedy of his life and death. While I don't

know anything about his upbringing or the multitude of other factors that, together, might have shaped him, I suspect that for

manifested itself publicly in the shootings that day.

While driving I listened to a talk show

It is both a cliché and a truism that our lives are fleeting. About a week ago the L.A. Times ran an article that pictured the faces of those who died at Virginia Tech, many of whom looked young, probably in their early twenties or thirties. They were all smiling.

Prayers Before Silence

Jesus, in your name we gather...

You are here in our midst...

In the presence of your Spirit we become your body

To listen...to share...to learn...to care...

And to pray for one another...

Move within us... move among us... Spirit of Compassion...

Bind us to one another...and to the world outside this room.

We offer our presence and our work here today to the healing of our world.

In honest silence, gentle truths begin to surface...

In stillness, reflections make themselves clear...

We pause and still ourselves to share in the prayer of silence together....

Holy Spirit, inspire our thoughts...

May we speak your truth...

May our hearts be opened...

Sit Face to Face

Sit face to face with the Holy Silence

Let Wisdom hold you fast

and seep into your soul

stilling your mind and calming your body.

Let silence soften your face and eyes...

Let God fill up what is lacking in you...

Sit and be made holy...

Be still and know Wisdom...

She waits for you to come and know her.

Kirsten Oh

discussing what type of intervention the medical community could have taken when it was provided with certain clues hinting at Cho's mental and emotional instability. The conversation centered around whether or not he should have been institutionalized and, if so, on what legal grounds. True, he probably would have benefited in the short term from psychotherapy, not to mention time away from his usual routine, but eventually the institution would have had to release him. I wonder if the talk show host and her guest had ever considered a simpler alternative for Cho's long-term well being: a community of friends, family, and classmates offering him the friendship, mentoring, and accountability he desperately needed to sustain and strengthen his already frail sanity. I suspect that institutionalization for these commentators was primarily a means to protect others, and only secondarily an attempt to help Cho.

But this is where the problem lies. Cho's act of violence reminds me of 9/11 and of the hatred that preceded it—hatred that cannot be safeguarded against through artificial or technological means, but instead must be confronted and engaged long before it reaches its furious apex. If, as a nation, we had been more even-handed with some of our brothers and sisters in the Middle East; if we had extended to them solidarity and friendship instead of strong-arming them into serving our own political and economic agendas, perhaps many hard hearts on that side of the world would have softened. Perhaps we could have avoided a 9/11. Perhaps we would not be losing lives now in Iraq.

I do not excuse Cho's act, just as I do

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GRIEF: IN THE AFTERMATH

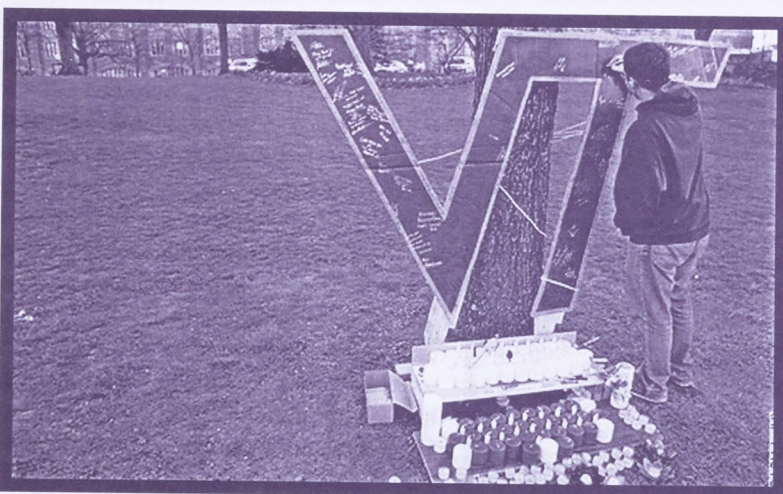
OF THE VIRGINIA TECH MASSACRE

By Laura Rector

I hate grief. My earliest childhood memory is a fuzzy two-year-old's picture of my grandmother's funeral. She was one of six people who died in our family that year. As an elementary school child, I remember driving through the night from Kentucky to Louisiana to go "help Aunt Freda" because my uncle died unexpectedly from a heart attack. I became a Christian shortly after a drunk driver hit a church bus from my community, killing 27 individuals, mostly teenagers. Later, on my fourteenth birthday,

the only way it knew to heal itself at the time. Grief is ugly and unwelcome. It intrudes upon our lives and disrupts our daily routines. Grief is all-consuming.

Grief—with each loss—is still always new. Going through grief once doesn't make it easier the next time. It might make it different—there can be a normalization where we know what to expect, yet there is nothing normal-feeling about grief. In fact, unprocessed grief can make things more complicated the next time around.



Grief is personal—September 11th, the wars overseas, Hurricane Katrina, and Virginia Tech have all become personal events in our lives, at least on some scale. I almost didn't come to Fuller, because even as I was moving, I was waiting on news about family members who had to flee Hurricane Katrina. In recent weeks, I've dreamed about Iraq and Katrina. We can all name where we were when the news of September 11th reached us.

I watched my grandfather be buried because he had lost a battle with cancer. A few short months later, I watched my classmates be the pallbearers at my gifted teacher's funeral because he had succumbed to an AIDS-related illness. When I was seventeen, history repeated itself. Another grandparent died and was buried one day before my birthday. Another teacher died as well. Grief hit me early and grief hit me head-on.

Grief hits our nation head-on these days. We cry for September 11th. We grieve the losses of lives in Iraq and Afghanistan, even as we worry about friends still stationed there and the people of those same countries. We watched in horror the atrocities of Hurricane Katrina. Now, even now, we as a nation grieve for the 32 innocent people who lost their lives in the Virginia Tech Massacre. Tears well up for the families and friends in the Virginia Tech community and we wonder, "What do we do? What do we say?"

There are times when exhausting our tear ducts still seems an inadequate response to the raw emotion that slices our hearts in half, creating pain in our stomachs. Grief is a myriad of emotions: sadness, anger, denial, guilt and fear bundled up in an unpleasant package.

Grief leaves us immobile at times. During some complicated losses in my adult life, I remember crying so hard that my stomach muscles hurt the next day and even the next one thereafter. I was exhausted and my body started to shut down—perhaps that was

Grief can be recurring. Even as we watch the news about Virginia Tech, we grieve other losses. Grief never completely heals, even as human resilience helps us cope with grief's realities.

Grief is personal—September 11th, the wars overseas, Hurricane Katrina, and Virginia Tech have all become personal events in our lives, at least on some scale. I almost didn't come to Fuller, because, even as I was moving, I was waiting on news about family members who had to flee Hurricane Katrina. In recent weeks, I've dreamed about Iraq and Katrina. We can all name where we were when the news of September 11th reached us.

Grief is personal, and yet it also happens in communities—at times—insensitive ones that don't know how to make room for our grief. When we grieve, we don't often get to grieve alone, although we may feel alone. Grief happens even as life's requirements force us to keep interacting with those around us. Sometimes communities can worsen things, when people make insensitive remarks, smother us, or look away in embarrassed silence. At a time of complicated, multiple losses, my community worsened things. Unhealthy individuals gossiped. Others smothered me, instead of just letting me process things in my own way, turning small events into big dramas, not letting me get past the consequences of my grief. Others demanded instant healing, but my grief couldn't work like that. Others simply walked out—my grief was too much for

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A RESPONSE TO GRIEF:

BECOMING A SUPPORTING PRESENCE

By Kimberly Williams

I was reflecting recently on how drastically a moment can change everything. I spend so much of my time trying to prepare and anticipate what is up ahead and yet these unexpected moments keep throwing me off.

Eight years ago I had one of these moments when my dad died in a construction accident. A fellow classmate had one of these moments in class last week when he got a call that his wife had been in a car accident. Our nation collectively had one of these moments in the aftermath of the Virginia Tech shooting. They happen so often that we should know by now how to respond with comfort and grace, but we don't. In general, we are pretty horrible at responding to grief and suffering.

I have a friend in grad school at Virginia Tech. She reported in an email conversation that, "apparently this has been an 'awesome opportunity' for people to hand out tracts left and right with titles on the front like 'where is God when it hurts'." I think this is a picture of how uncomfortable we are with grief. We want to offer simple answers or quickly get people past these hard moments.

I was talking to a woman on campus who lost her father a month ago. We were talking about how you usually control and choose if you're going to let yourself be vulnerable, but in the midst of loss you're laid open and vulnerable whether you like it or not. And it's actually up to the people around you to care for and protect you in that moment. Some do that well, but others don't.

Though I certainly wouldn't claim to be an expert on grieving, it's a topic that is personal for me, and one I've read and thought a lot about over the years. I would like to offer a few things to consider the next time you encounter a person who has just had one of these life-changing moments of loss:

1. AVOIDING PROBING QUESTIONS THAT HURT

There are some things we often say to people who are grieving that bring more pain than comfort. After "I'm sorry," we often ask questions like:

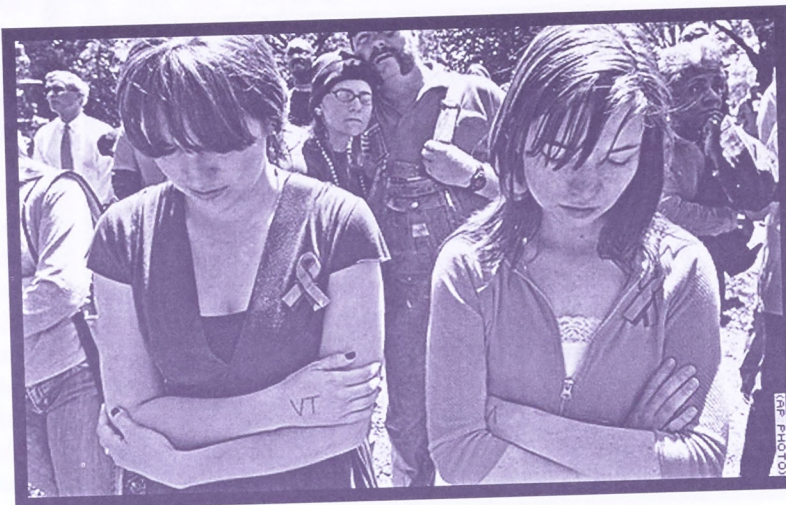
- * "Was she sick for a long time?"
- * "Was the accident his fault?"
- * "Was he a Christian?"
- * "Were you close?"

These questions themselves are not harmful, but sometimes the reason we ask them is not out of concern. We ask because we don't want to find ourselves in the same situation. In order for our mind to wrap itself around what happened, we ask all sorts of probing questions that can sometimes jab at a person's loss, especially when they have to describe the situation again and again. It is helpful to invite people to share rather than investigate. This means being observant, taking clues from the person if they are comfortable sharing, and offering to listen if they want to share more. As a general rule, assume that a person has shared as much as they want

you to know when they tell you about a loss.

2. BE CAREFUL NOT TO COMPARE

We are also prone to compare. Using ourselves as the center, we tend to use a subtle scale from "not as bad" to "worse than" us. In *A Grace Disguised*, Jerry Sittser describes his experience of losing his mother, wife and daughter all in the same accident.



He said that before the accident he would try to quantify and compare people's loss by looking at things like, "the numbers killed, the length of time spent in the hospital, the severity of abuse, the degree of family dysfunction, the difficulty and inconvenience of an illness, the complexity of details during a divorce, or the strings of bad luck."¹ However, after the accident, when he became an "instant celebrity" because his loss could not be imagined or surpassed, he couldn't stand others' tendency to compare. He says that when we compare we are driven to two unhealthy extremes. If a person's loss is determined to be "not as bad" they feel like their loss is not valid. And if their loss is deemed "worse than" anything we've experienced the person can convince themselves that they are alone in their suffering and that no one can understand or help.² Especially during grief, comparing is never helpful.

3. BE PRESENT AND SILENT

The most helpful way to support someone may simply be to be present with them silently. Mitchell and Anderson in *All our Losses All Our Grievs: Resources for Pastoral Care* write, "Two warring needs develop: the need to be alone with one's grief and

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1. Jerry Sittser, *A Grace Disguised: How the Soul Grows through Loss* (Grand Rapids, MI: Zondervan, 1995), 24-5.
2. Jerry Sittser, *A Grace Disguised*, 29.

On the morning of April 16, I found myself, like many other Fullerites, clicking back and forth between online news-sources, scanning the articles on the unfolding Virginia Tech massacre that were crowding their front-pages for information concerning the shooter's identity. Only late in the day could police identify the gunman's

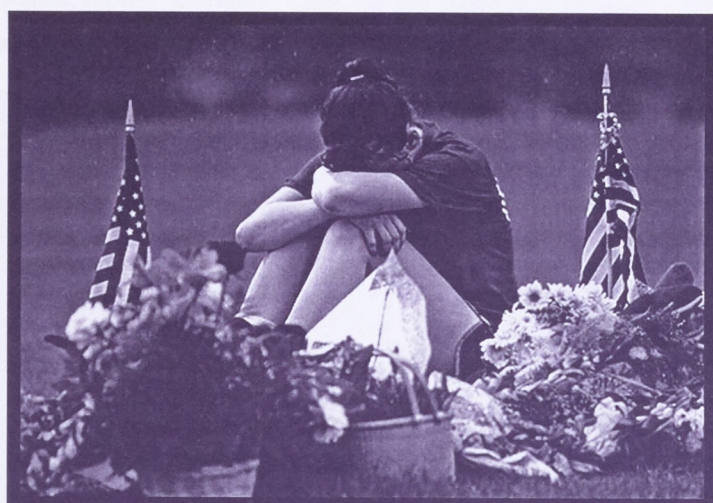
— has ceased to be a purely academic inquiry: On the one hand, high-ranking Virginia Tech administrators, including the university's president, have been urged to resign amidst accusations of their failure to effectively "handle" the situation—both before its inception and in the course of its unfolding. Other schools, too, are growing

cautious: Last week, a high school senior in Illinois was arrested on charges of disorderly conduct for producing a "disturbing and inappropriate" essay, containing a great deal of violent imagery, in response to a creative writing assign-

ment.

On the other end of the spectrum, individuals who fear being profiled as a potential threat—e.g. because of their history of mental illness or even the mere fact of their sharing Cho's ethnic or national background—are speaking up on their own behalf: We may look the part, dress the part, have medical or psychiatric dossiers that may fit the part, these men and women assert, but we are nevertheless fundamentally unlike the Cho Seung-Hui, Eric Harris or Dylan Klebolds of this world.

Their testimonials are courageous and well worth heeding. By contrast, what struck me most about the emerging picture of Cho was the degree to which I recognized myself, especially myself during my college days, in him: Like Cho, I fit the description of the awkward, quiet loner, the outsider with an overactive imagination and history of depression. Like Cho, I had come to the U.S. from a foreign country, the child of industrious working-class parents who envisioned a better future for their offspring. (Cho's older sister and I, in fact, share the same alma mater.) Most



body, horribly disfigured by a self-inflicted head-wound, as Cho Seung-Hui, a 23-year-old English major, whose family had immigrated to the United States when he was 8.

Yet long before the details of Cho's withdrawn nature, disturbing writings, history of emotional instability, or even his name emerged, most Americans had a pretty good idea about the person who had perpetrated the rampage. After all, few people expected to open the newspaper to find the killer described as a charming, popular football-player, actively engaged in campus government and a bible-study fellowship. At least since Columbine, school shooters in the popular imagination are anti-social loners, brooding kids in dark clothes, whose personal oddities and failure to fit in had made them targets of their peers' perplexity and contempt. Cho, it seemed, fit the bill.

In the weeks since the shootings, the question of how to spot a potential killer amongst a particular group of students — and whose job it is to do so

Numbers

by Martha Wang

33 people created in the image of God.

33 people gone.

1 who shot them all.

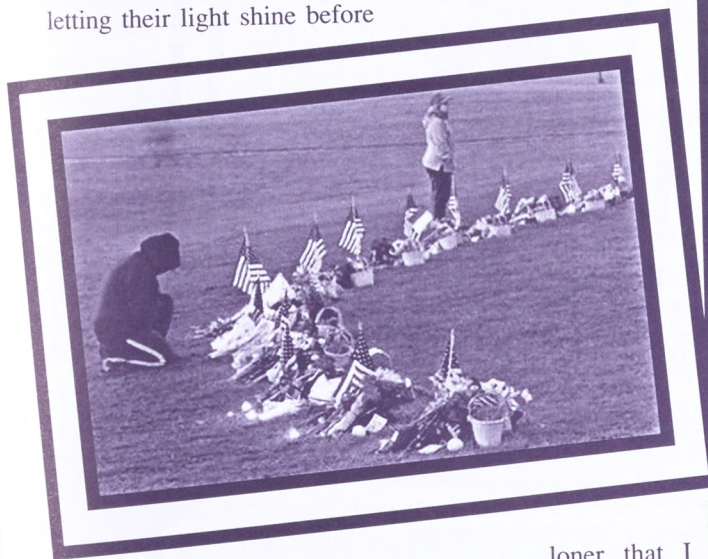
1 community of millions who grieve.

importantly, perhaps, underneath the thick veneer of mental illness, I recognize in the rambling, accusatory video-“journals” left by Cho my own sense of confusion and alienation in the midst of a peer culture that struck me as marked by privilege and unearned entitlement.

None of these similarities between Cho’s story and my own ought to trivialize the equally significant differences—the comparative ease of integrating into American culture as a Western European, my lack of fascination with firearms, the absence of the true depths of destructiveness of self and others wreaked by psychosis. For reasons beyond our grasp, Cho’s path and mine had diverged long before our respective senior year springs.

By the same token, this essay isn’t intended as one recovering (?) loner’s gratuitous unburdening, but to raise the question of the Church’s role in extending hope, joy and love even to those that strike us as alien, frightening or plain “weird”: Christ called his followers to be the light of the world, letting their light shine before

Crusaders and post-service socials—held little attraction for me, and I expect the converse was true as well. Yet amongst my friends, then as now, are those who took their light into the nooks and crannies of their schools: Over the years, my experience of the light of Christian fellowship — confirmed



their peers, wherever they might find themselves (Mt 5:13). Indeed, I have rarely encountered brighter, more cheerful gatherings than college fellowships and dorm-room Bible-studies. Such luster, however, can serve to repel as well as to attract, to confirm the outsider’s sense of isolation and darkness, as well as to point beyond one’s present reality towards the God whose glory one seeks to reflect.

During my college days, the “light-houses”—the lively gatherings of Campus

loner that I am! — have owed far more to these “torchieres” than to the most brightly blazing bonfires. As we seek to make sense of the tragic events at Virginia Tech last month, may we not shrink from the darkness in ourselves and others, but go into the world in the humility and confidence of the Light whom the darkness could not overcome.

All I can offer
by Martha Wang

No amount of comforting words
will remove the amount of sadness
or fill the futures that will never be.

Young and even younger smiling faces
that will never grow another day older
nor fill the air with their presence.

Who can imagine
the pervading sense of loss
of a parent whose flesh and blood was murdered?

Who can put themselves
in the shoes of those whose husbands and wives
were shot at school?

Not I.
I’m sorry I can’t offer more than a prayer
or the tears that well up in my eyes.

I wish I could offer you more,
return your sons and daughters, your beloveds,
rewind time.

But I can’t.
I hope you know that we all weep with you
and wish we could offer you more.

Maria is a recent SOT graduate. She’s been living in America for over a decade now and is preparing for her second cross-country move.



PRAYER ON ICE

By Amber Van Wyk

*Sorry I'm only
Human
you know me*

These are the first lyrics that echoed through the ice rink as I began to skate in an exhibition the Saturday following the Virginia Tech tragedy. There was such a rawness to these lyrics, so much truth. Sorry, I'm only Human, you know me...and the only thing I can do is skate. I can't erase the tragedy, I can't console from miles away...I can only honor you with my blades gliding over the ice as my form of prayer in a damp old rink in Burbank, CA.

As I skated for those brief minutes I took those in attendance along with me, I lead them in this prayer. For a few moments we were united in our emotion through music and movement, and our desperate need for hope though we were miles from Blacksburg. The long notes of the cello and the voice of Brandi Carlisle came to a close with...

*And you know I'll defend
The tragedy that we knew as the end.*

In the moment when an audience typically acknowledges and applauds a skater, an unusual silence came over the rink as I took my ending position down on one knee... Though I was alone at center ice...it wasn't about me...

As I took my bow and stood tear-stained face to tear-stained-face with my audience, I knew we had shared in an unexplainable experience...knowingly or unknowingly we had lifted our prayers to those affected by Virginia Tech.

*It was the only thing I could do...
Sorry I'm only
Human
You know me.*



CONFESSIONS OF AN EDITING ADDICT

By Kathryn Streeter

Okay, I admit it—I'm one of those people who are afflicted with the ability to spot a spelling, grammatical, or punctuation error from a mile away. I also happen to have grown up in the world's nerdiest family, which means that I was exposed to a deluge of SAT-level vocabulary words at a young age. Once, as a child, I heard my mom use a very long word that I did not understand, so I asked her what it meant. I still remember the look of shock that came upon my mother's face when she realized that I, at the ripe old age of nine, had not yet mastered that word.

Nearly twenty years later, here I am—studying at Fuller and working as an editor for the Writing Center. The best part of the job is the feeling I get when I'm able to provide real help to fellow Fuller students who have been doing all kinds of wonderful things across the globe, but may not have as much experience with writing academic papers in English. In that spirit, I would like to offer a few tips for those of you who may be dreading some rapidly-approaching paper deadlines.

1) Follow directions. While this may sound obvious, most low-scoring papers lose a lot of credit simply because the person writing them didn't follow directions. Pay attention to what kind of writing you're being asked to do—is your paper supposed to summarize? Explain? Argue a point? Does it need to have several different sections? Be careful not to turn in personal devotional writing unless the assignment asks for this. Also note requirements for the length, spacing, and margins of the paper.

2) Watch those verb tenses! It is very important to be consistent in the tense you use—past, present, or future—unless there is a real reason to change tenses in the mid-

TA may be able to give you some pointers, and we'd also love to help you out at the Writing Center.

For more tips and in-depth writing in-

If you know that you tend to make errors in spelling, grammar, or punctuation, using spell check is not enough. Their are mini problems that yore computer well knot notice.

dle of your paper. Consider how confusing it was when you will read this sentence and you had discovered that the tenses all would have been different. Don't let this happen to your paper!

3) If you know that you tend to make errors in spelling, grammar, or punctuation, using spell check is not enough. Their are mini problems that yore computer well knot notice. Finish your paper early enough that you have time to have a friend help you edit it. At the very least, read it OUT LOUD to yourself before you turn it in. You may be surprised how many errors you can catch this way!

4) Put yourself in a "learning mode" with regard to writing. You are not fated to stay forever at your current level of ability, unless you choose to stop there; we all have room to grow. Dig out those papers from last quarter, and carefully re-read your professor's and/or TA's comments. Identify a few main areas in which you would like to develop your writing, and start taking steps to work on those areas. Your professor or

struction, come to our Writing Workshop THIS Friday, May 11, at 1 p.m. in Payton 101. You'll come away with a clear understanding of how to approach the process of writing papers, as well as a thick packet of resource materials to refresh your memory when it's time to sit down and write. The cost of the materials is \$5. If you would like to meet one-on-one with an editor regarding a paper, or have a paper edited for grammar and returned to you via email, contact the Writing Center at cal-writing@cp.fuller.edu. We really are here to help, and we promise not to give you any weird looks if you don't know a vocabulary word.

Kathryn is a 2nd year MDiv student. When not in therapy recovering from traumatic childhood experiences of the verbal kind, she likes to imagine what it would be like to be able to speak all of the world's languages.



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It's that time again! Fuller Financial Aid Applications for the 2007/2008 aid year are available in the Student Financial Services office or online at www.fuller.edu/finaid.

*Remember if you would like to receive financial aid you must submit the Fuller Application for Financial Aid as well as the FAFSA every year!

The Korean American Scholarship Foundation – Western Region has scholarship available for full-time graduate students of Korean decent. Applications are available in the Student Financial Services office and are due May 31, 2007.

The Reverend JK Fukushima Memorial Scholarship is available to students studying at a theological school but who have not yet earned a Master's degree. Applications are available in the Student Financial Services Office and are due May 31, 2007.

The Harvesters Scholarship Foundation has scholarships available for students with financial need. Information can be found at www.harvestersscholarship.com. Applications are due May 31, 2007.

REMEMBER *Continued from page 3*

not excuse those of the terrorists who flew into the Twin Towers; however, we must acknowledge our own complicity in these events, even if such complicity be due to a failure to love, as opposed to an act of aggression.

It is both a cliché and a truism that our lives are fleeting. About a week ago the L.A. Times ran an article that pictured the faces of those who died at Virginia Tech, many of whom looked young, probably in their early twenties or thirties. They were all smiling. Why wouldn't they be? They were probably on their way to establishing successful careers, making important discoveries, or just experiencing the joys of campus life. But then something hap-

pened, something unexpected. I myself see no rhyme or reason to life's events—why one dies, why another gets sick, why people choose certain careers that lead to fortune or disaster or somewhere in between. Sometimes we're able to plan effectively, to see ahead, but more often than not we can do nothing more than simply look back on what has already transpired.

I suppose that is what the majority of us will spend our time doing: looking back. We will pray that God continues to comfort the friends and families of the victims, including the killer's. We will remember those who died, all the while considering the frail nature of our own lives. And those of us who believe in an afterlife and

in praying for the dead will hopefully pray also for Cho as well, that God would grant him mercy; that if there is a resurrection (and I believe there is), on the Day of Judgment he will be afforded the opportunity to find the peace he so longed for, and to extend his own condolences to those whose lives he took and to those who now grieve so much for them.

Joe lives with his lovely wife Glory in Northwest Pasadena. He can be reached at bautista@fuller.edu.



GRIEF: IN THE AFTERMATH *Continued from page 4*

them.

On rare occasions, someone actually says something that helps a little. Sometimes, on even more rare occasions, we get to be that someone. I will never forget as a high schooler, hugging and praying with a group of my sister's middle school friends when their classmate died. I remember hugging one girl in particular who had already lost her brother, a fifth grader, to suicide. It hurt. I didn't have answers for her question, "Why?" I remember just holding her, praying, and crying with her. There's something about the grief process that demands us to respond to such intense, personal pain—to show that we share the pain, so we take dinners to families' houses, we hug our friends, we send cards, we attend funerals, pray, and set up memorials. Perhaps we do it to overcome our own powerlessness in the situation and yet in the process, we real-

ize even more our own inability to answer the very questions the bereaved ask us. Pat, theological answers don't always help emotions. Grief is uncomfortable for communities; however, I would fear the community which became comfortable with grief.

Grief is ugly. Grief causes your eyes to be puffy, your face to be blotchy, and your head to hurt. Grief separates you from friends. Grief is a clumsy thing that doesn't always fit—in fact, a little voice inside me screams, "LORD, please don't ever let it fit." Grief is raw, intense, complicated. Grief by definition is pain experienced in the face of loss. Grief overall, as you know, is unpleasant. Grief knows no boundaries. It is an intruder that sneaks up on you and captures you inside and out. Grief makes you stop (whether you want to or not), makes you acknowledge loss, and makes you resist terrible life events, screaming,

"Why?" even as the question echoes out into eternity. Grief shouts this "Why?!" in the face of the Cross, whispers the same in the arms of the Spirit, and shakes its nasty question like a fist before the Father.

Grief is a senseless, painful, ugly, raw emotion that takes over our hearts, including our spirituality—and perhaps that is what makes it the only Christian response we can offer to the community of Virginia Tech University in the senseless, painful, ugly, raw loss of 32 innocent lives, and yet even grief, in all its intensity, seems inadequate. "Lord, why?" we whisper, we pray, and we grieve. "Take care of the families in

Laura has no funny, light-hearted bio information to give today. Please understand.



GRIEF *Continued from page 5*

the need not to be isolated from meaningful communities of support."¹ They observe a beautiful Jewish custom called "sitting shiva" (pronounced "shee-vah") where for seven days friends and family are able to come and sit with the bereaved person at their home without saying anything except

maybe a hello, good-bye or shalom.² How wonderful if Christians practiced that today! Imagine how just sitting with someone would eliminate all the awkward "sorry's", the fumbling over words and people feebly trying to answer all of the "why?" questions.

This is good news for us as we support others who are grieving, it means it frees us from feeling like we need to fix the situ-

ation. Instead we can offer to just be with them in their pain.

Kim (MAT) has been involved in urban ministry for seventeen years. Most recently she was the City Director for Mission Year, a yearlong urban volunteer program. Kim can be contacted at kimjwilliams@cp.fuller.edu



1. Kenneth R. Mitchell and Herbert Anderson, *All our Losses All our Grievs: Resources for Pastoral Care* (Louisville, KY: Westminster John Knox Press, 1983) 67.

2. Ibid.



Stabilizing Marriages After Infidelity: The First 90 Days After Disclosure

Thur, May 10, 1:00pm-3:00pm Geneva Room

Presenter: Pastor David M. Carder, Counseling Ministries, First Evangelical Free Church, Fullerton, CA.

Installation of Todd E. Johnson in the William K. and Delores S. Brehm Chair for Worship, Theology and the Arts in the School of Theology

Tue, May 22, 10am, Pasadena Presbyterian Church

Dr. Todd Johnson, William K. and Delores S. Brehm Associate Professor of Worship, Theology and the Arts, will speak on the topic: "Liturgical Links: Towards a Liturgical Theology of Free Church Worship." This event is open to the public and no reservation is required. For more info contact the SOT Dean's Office at 584.5300, or email theology@fuller.edu.

Integrational Small Group

Do you have the heart to integrate psychology, missions, and theology? Do you care about the mental health and spiritual needs of missionaries? Join a community of students every other Thursday night for thriving discussion and fellowship. For time, location, and speakers, contact Jeff Simons (buckrogers@cp.fuller.edu) or Hana Shin (hana_shin@cp.fuller.edu).

Parenting Classes at FPFS

Parenting classes are being offered at Fuller Psychological and Family Services (FPFS)

for \$10 per session beginning in May. For further information, please contact Groups Coordinator, Grace Kim at 584.2058 or Carolyn Wong at 204.2033.

Field Education Hospital and Hospice Internships

Two-unit FE546 Hospital Chaplaincy internships are being offered at Huntington Hospital in Pasadena; Glendale Adventist in Glendale; and Providence St. Joseph's Medical Center in Burbank during the Summer 2007 quarter. A two-unit FE548 Hospice Chaplaincy internship is being offered through VITAS Healthcare Corporation of California. These courses emphasize spiritual care training in a hospital or hospice setting.

Before registering for either course, interns must be interviewed and accepted by the prospective hospital or hospice chaplain. Start the process early! Contact the Office of Field Education at 626-584-5387 for application forms and contact information.

Summer 2007 Internship Application Deadline!

New internship application for the Summer 2007 quarter are due in the Office of Field Education no later than Friday, May 18, 2007.

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all-seminary chapel

Join us for All-Seminary Chapel this Wednesday, May 9th, at 10AM in Travis Auditorium. Erin Dufault-Hunter, SOT Faculty, will be speaking. Her message is entitled *Lunch is Enough*.

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The Services section of the SEMI is for announcing services and events not offered by Fuller. Individuals are personally responsible for evaluating the quality and type of service before contracting or using it. The SEMI and Student Life and Services do not recommend or guarantee any of the services listed.

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Pasadena Tire. All major brands. New/used tires, alignment, brakes, struts/shocks. 1070 E. Walnut St. 795.7240. Mon-Fri 8-5:30, Sat-8am-1pm.

Auto Collision Repair. 5 minutes west of Fuller. Owned by family of Fuller graduate for 25

years. Discount for students! Columbia Auto Body. 1567 Colorado Blvd 323.258.0565. Ask for John or Paul.

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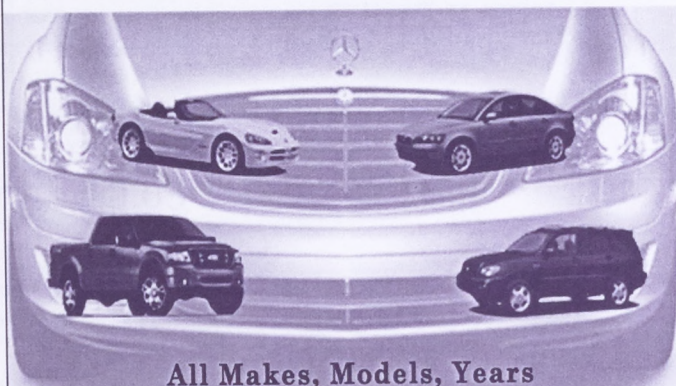
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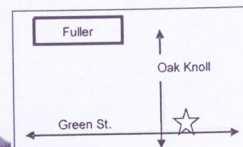


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